

The American Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1893.

VOLUME XXVIII.--NO. 22.

SEED BARLEY AND RYE.

FLOUR,
HAMS,
LARD,

And a Fancy Line of Canned Goods,
For sale at Low Prices by

D. S. MAXWELL & SON,
NO. 5 CHICQUOLA PLACE.

160-a, Farm to rent.

J. S. FOWLER WANTS YOUR ATTENTION.



ALL PARTIES WHO ARE INDEBTED TO ME.

By Note, Account, or otherwise, will please take notice that I have determined to collect money due me this Fall, and unless payment is made—

By 1st of November, 1893,

I will be obliged to force the collection of my claims by Law. And all parties who have given me Liens or Mortgages on Crops, and other property, and dispose of same, will be prosecuted. In conclusion, I wish it distinctly understood that this notice is intended for ALL who owe me, and that I mean to collect what is due me, regardless of circumstances.

Take notice, make payment, and save COST.

J. S. FOWLER.

GROCERIES.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

LARGEST STOCK EVER IN ANDERSON!
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

Of course we can't put in print exact amounts of Goods, as our day may have a full stock of—

Flour, Meat, Sugar, Coffee, Hams, Lard, &c.,

And the next it will be very much reduced. Our sales some days would astonish any man. Now there is certainly a reason for this, which we will try to explain. First, we carry a large stock of Flour of all grades, Bacon, Lard, Ham, Sugar and Coffee, as anybody in Upper Carolina; and second, we give good weights and the lowest prices on first class Goods.

We have exclusive sale of Chase & Sanborn's Roasted Coffee, which are the best in the world. If you don't believe it, ask any friend who visited the World's Fair if he drank a cup of Coffee on the ground while there. They had the exclusive sale of the world-renowned "Star Brand" at the Fair. FRESH RAISINS, CURRANTS AND CITRUS arriving every day, and we are ready for Xmas. Call and see us.

LIGON & LEDBETTER,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

CUTLERY!

Pocket Knives,
Table Knives!

One Thousand Varieties!

The Rangoon Razor

Every Razor Warranted.

Price, \$1.50.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

You Miss Half Your Life when you Fail to See

WILL. R. HUBBARD'S JEWELRY PALACE.

MORE Goods than you can shake a stick at, and at prices that will astonish the natives. You will certainly lose money if you don't see me BEFORE BUYING. My stock of Gold and Silver Watches cannot be surpassed in the State.

Plain Gold and Silver Rings.
Sterling Silver and Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons.
Japanese Goods, China Novelties.
China Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, &c., in great variety.
JEWELRY WORLD WITHOUT END.
Promptness in everything.
Engraving free on all Goods bought of me.

WILL. R. HUBBARD,
Next to Farmers and Merchants Bank.

GLENN SPRINGS WATER

—WILL CURE—

Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Chronic Hepatitis, Jaundice, Torpor of Liver, and general debility following upon malarial diseases. Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Uterine, Renal and Cystic Diseases, Hematuria and Catamenial derangements.

—FOR SALE BY—
A. N. TODD & CO.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

He Has Just Returned from a Trip to Kentucky and Ohio.

Atlanta Constitution.

I have long considered Louisville the Queen City of the South, not only in the magnitude of her commerce but in the character of her population. There are more high-toned, cultured people in proportion to population than any other city, more colleges, literary and religious, more notable ministers, lawyers and editors and more intense independent Southern feeling. I was called there to deliver an address in behalf of the ex-Confederate soldiers, not to revive any sectional feeling or any of the bitterness of the war, but to raise money for the dependent Confederate soldiers, to keep them from want while they live and to bury them decently when they die. This humane and patriotic purpose commends itself to all people in Louisville, and I had before me many Northern people and Federal soldiers who gave willingly to the cause. I was surprised at the number of Confederate Veterans who still live, for Anno Domini is working on them everywhere, thinning their ranks. Unpensioned soldiers do not live forever nor do they increase in numbers as the years roll on.

Time cuts down all.
Both great and small.
Except the pensioned soldier.

And this reminds me of a hurried visit to Ohio the other day where McKinley had almost a walk-over in the late election. In the town where I stopped for a day I learned that most of the Democrats voted for McKinley because Hoke Smith was believed to be opposed to Federal pensions, or at least was exhibiting a very inquiring mind about them. The pension business is the vital question up North. It is their salvation; and you might just as well make war upon a man's religion as upon the soldier's right to a pension. More pensions and bigger pensions is the demand for the pensioners and their children get it the outsiders get a whack at it, and it soon becomes distributed in the community. It averages over \$100,000 to each county in Ohio and is paid out twice a year. Just think of that sum coming into a Georgia county every year, and without end and coming for nothing. What a glorious patrimony it would be! Then would we sing, "Hard Times Come Again No More." How it would help out a short wheat crop or half a cotton crop. How it would help us to pay the preacher and save the heathen and buy the girls some clothes! No wonder those folks up North hug the pension laws, whether they are right or not right. Now, every just man knows of course, that our soldiers have a claim on the government, and it will be so set down in history, but the tide is against us, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. And so we have to do the best we can. These good people in Louisville have got an association that makes provision for them, and while they can't pension them, they get them something to do. Captain Leathers is the leading spirit of this good work and he has such men as General Basil Duke and General Taylor and Major Davis and Captain Easton and Dr. Broadus and Dr. Huntville. All the best people encourage them.

One day a dilapidated man on crutches called on Captain Leathers and said:

"Cap'n, I heard that you were looking after the old vets of the Confederacy, and I thought I would call and tell you that I am one of them and would like to have a good square meal once more. It's about dinner time and I haven't had anything to eat to-day." He had a good, honest, suffering face, but the captain didn't believe him.

"Where were you wounded?" said he.

"At the battle of the Wilderness, on the 10th of May, 1864," said the man.

"What is your name?" said the captain.

"William W. Beazley," said he.

The captain was very busy, and as he handed the old vet a dollar, said:

"Now go and get something to eat; then go to a barber's and get cleaned up and come back here at 3 o'clock. I wish to talk to you."

Precisely at 3 o'clock Beazley hobbled in, leaned his crutches against the wall and sat down. He was much improved.

"Now, Mr. Beazley," said the captain, "I want to cross-examine you for we have no money to waste on imposters. Where do you live and what have you been doing and what regiment did you serve in? Tell me all about yourself."

Beazley smiled and said, "That is all right, captain. I'm not afraid nor ashamed to give you my history. I was a private in Company B, Fourth Alabama. I lived in Selma. I am a printer by trade and have been tramp around hunting work and thought I might get work on the Courier-Journal, but they said I was a back number, which is a fact, and now I am a little stand by a dollar or a friend. My wound has never got well and I'll show it to you if you wish to see it."

"No, no," said the captain, "who was your colonel?"

"We had seven or eight," said Beazley, "but the last one was Colonel Scruggs. He is living down here in Huntsville. He knows me. You can write to him and he'll tell you that I am no imposter."

Captain Leathers did not wait for credentials, for the man's face was as honest as a die. He bought him some decent clothes and a new hat. A little stand by the bank with a few dollars' worth of cigars and newspapers and little tricks and told him to sell them. "Trade with that man," said he to his acquaintances who came into the bank where the captain is cashier. "Trade with that old veteran. He was wounded at the Wilderness." And they do trade with him. He has paid back the money and is now making about \$12 a week and is happy. I talked to him and found he once worked in Cedar town and knew all my old-time friends down there and many in Rome.

Captain Leathers afterwards met Colonel Scruggs in Florence, Ala., and the Colonel said, "Yes, I knew Bill Beazley. At the battle of the Wilderness on the 10th of May, 1864, my color was shot down and the boys were about to waver, for they were falling right and left under an awful fire, but Beazley rushed forward and picked up the colors and, waving them over his head, cried out, 'Come on, boys, and they rallied once more and followed him to victory. That's the kind of man Bill Beazley is. But he was shot in the hip in that same charge and I don't

know whether he is living now or not. But why do you ask?"

The captain told him and he was much gratified.

Every survivor of the Eighth Georgia who was in the first battle of Manassas will feel interested in this, for the Fourth Alabama fought right beside them in the pine thickets, and before of both regiments foremost fighting, fell among those pines. Bill Beazley was there and he kept on being in the front until disabled in the Wilderness.

How many of such heroes Captain Leathers has in charge, I know not, but a number of the old veterans met at Captain George Norton's one night, and those walls heard many a yarn. Captain Norton came from Rome to Louisville as soon as the war was over and soon found friends and kept them. He has many a good name and a lot of fortune and uses both with becoming dignity. A slow made fortune will stick to a man, but a big pile of money will make a fool of anybody on short acquaintance.

Captain Norton has a numerous family—a lovely wife and children—and everything around and about is so affectionate and home-like that I am obliged to speak of it, for it is a model family. I say it "home-like" because one day the captain hired an old-fashioned darky and sent him to the yard with blue grass. The third day he found that the old darky had left the front and was putting down some sod in the back yard.

"Uncle Jake," said he, "what in the world are you doing and here I never told you to do the back yard. Now, do you just stop it. There is not enough sod for both."

Old Jake leaned on his hoe and said: "Mistis sent me round here; she say I must sod dis, and I sod it."

Well, that's all right," said the Captain; "go on now, and it, but don't dig up any more ground. Just sod that you've got dug up until I get some more grass."

After he left the old man talked to himself. "Mistis say sod all round here. Master come along and say quit. What must do old nigger do? Mistis mighty dirty and steps round like a cat. I ain't been here but two days, but dat's long enuf to find out dat she is bossin' dis house. I is gwine to keep on soddin' round here until mistis see me, dat's what I is gwine to do. The cook heard him and told the Captain and the Captain told me."

It is so home-like that I enjoyed it. Politics seems to have subsided somewhat. I didn't circulate much in Ohio. We have a boy living up there in charge of some water-works and I kept very secluded. I didn't care a cent about McKinley's 90,000 majority, but I did not care about the old dead line coming to life again. Not a Northern State is now Democratic and not a Southern State is now Republican. That old historic line of Mason and Dixon is still the line of discord. The fact is if more Northern people don't move down here and more Southern people move up there we had just as well establish the line again and have two nations. We used to fuss about runaway niggers, but that is all settled and we will give them yankees just as many negroes as they want. Lord help us all. I wish the niggers did keep the old ones and let our new ones go. They have a quarter of an inch of the new set in Ohio—about five hundred whites to fifty negro children. They poured out of the big school building at recess and went to playing, not all together, but separate. They have to study together and set together in the schoolrooms, but human nature asserts itself just as soon as they get out. The negro children flock together, both from choice and necessity. Theory is one thing and fact another. BILL ARP.

WHAT THEY WERE AFTER.

There were then two weeks on the east side of the island and two on the mainland, and unknown to us a story was afloat that a large amount of English gold had been taken from one of the wrecks and deposited in the light house for safe keeping until its right ownership could be decided. It was a very silly story, but found many believers. We had no means of getting at any of the wrecks, and had any considerable sum of money been found it would have been turned over to the government, not to the island.

It was before the boat landed to tell Wilson what I thought about the men, and we agreed on what to say, and how we should act. Only one man came up to the lighthouse. Had he been encountered on the mainland he would have been called a guerrilla.

He was a middle-aged man with a fierce and crafty look, and his efforts to appear pleasant and pass for a fisherman were lamentable failures. When he had saluted each other he said that he and his men were to wait where they were for the boat called the Home to come out of Georgetown, when five of them were going to ship in her. He asked if we had any objections against their camping ashore for the night and he wanted to buy some food and drink for the night. He pretended that I would have to ask the sergeant before answering, and turned and entered the lighthouse and closed and fastened the door behind me. We had met the stranger about forty feet from the door and planned to discover that we were alone. The fact must have already been known to them, however, or at least strongly suspected, for I had scarcely looked the door when the man knocked Wilson head over heels by a blow on the nose and dashed to the door and opened it. He then entered the lighthouse and you will get a clearer idea of my situation. The door was narrow and stuffed with boltheads. There was a loop-hole on either side for musketry. The ground floor room was circular, with walls of two feet or thereabouts, and the lantern room was made by means of wooden ladders. There was a circular wall round the lantern, with a brick parapet four feet high. The lighthouse stood back 200 feet from high tide, and about the same distance from the shore. The ground was a level of sand and gravel running clear across the island. Here and there grew a bush and a patch of grass, but there were no trees within gunshot. The door opened inward and was secured by a heavy bar across the center. The door was opened inward and was secured by a heavy bar across the center. The door was opened inward and was secured by a heavy bar across the center.

Several of these slabs are then pasted together, put under hydraulic pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch and dried for a week or so at a temperature of about 120 degrees Fahrenheit. This is repeated until the resulting blocks contain 200 sheets of paper, the original ten inches in thickness of the paper as it came from the mill being pressed into a thickness of about four inches, making it as hard as stone.

After the blocks are thoroughly seasoned they are faced and turned in lathes and forced by about 120 tons pressure into the steel tubes, which are two inches thick and bored tapering one and one-half degrees. The hub of each wheel is made of about thirty tons; it is turned straight and three-sixteenths inches larger than the hole in the paper. The bolt holes are drilled and the bolts forced in by steam hammers. The life of every one of these wheels is from 500,000 to 800,000 miles; they are said to intercept vibration, and so prevent generation of the thexiles, etc.—Philadelphia Item.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss
LUCAS CORTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY, makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1893.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—A Maine man used the profits of his pumpkin field to pay the expenses of himself and his wife to the World's Fair.

A STORY OF OUR COAST.

Battle in a Lighthouse with Confederate Deserter.

From the Chicago Times.

During the last year of the war the lighthouse on North Island, at the entrance of Winyah Bay, on the coast of South Carolina, was destroyed by fire. The one erected temporarily to replace it was built by a party of Federal soldiers. Its height was about twenty-five feet, and the material used was stone, brick and timber. There wasn't much architecture about it, but it was solid enough for a fort. Indeed, it was built as a combination, and for several weeks was in charge of a sergeant of infantry and seven or eight men. Orders were finally received from the Federal commandant at Beaufort, and in obedience to them the lighthouse was abandoned. The name of my companion was George Wilson. We were left an abundance of rations, two extra muskets, two plenty of canned goods, and a lot of other things. The lighthouse was in order, we had nothing to do. War was over, but the country was unsettled, and gangs of bad men were prowling along the coast as well as through the interior.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after the sergeant's departure, a sloop which had probably come out of the Santee River, approached us from the south and came to anchor just inside the island. She had six men aboard, and after fishing for an hour or two, she came to anchor just inside the island. Wilson was asleep at that time, and I had been watching them from the lantern room with the glass. It needed only one glance to prove that the crew were bad lot. The glass brought them so near that I could study each individual, and from the very first I made up my mind that the fishing was all a pretense. While they fished they furtively inspected the lighthouse, and as soon as the boat put out I roused up Wilson, and we went outside to receive the strangers. During the time the boat was in the lighthouse, I succeeded in getting into the port at Georgetown, at the head of the bay, but at least half a dozen had been driven ashore in our vicinity.

There were then two weeks on the east side of the island and two on the mainland, and unknown to us a story was afloat that a large amount of English gold had been taken from one of the wrecks and deposited in the light house for safe keeping until its right ownership could be decided. It was a very silly story, but found many believers. We had no means of getting at any of the wrecks, and had any considerable sum of money been found it would have been turned over to the government, not to the island.

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even up that they would murder us to conceal their identity.

A PRETTY GOOD FORT.

Having served as a soldier for over three years, and knowing the strength of the position I occupied, I was not at all frightened by the presence of the gang. A demand was again made on me to open the door, and when I refused I knew pretty well what their first move would be. On the beach near their boat lay a piece of timber which the tide had stranded. They went for it at once, and in the hands of six stout fellows it would have proved a powerful battering ram. They had evidently made up their minds that I wouldn't dare shoot, for they came straight at the door with the timber. Even when they thrust my musket at them, and the bullets whirled twice around and then pitched him headlong. Two of the gang seized him and pulled him aside, and then got out of range. Every man of them had a knife and a pair of revolvers, but they soon decided to count. There was no chance to fire on except through the loopholes, and I was carefully watching one of those. They did creep up to the other and fire five or six shots into the room, but it was powdered back and the men were scattered. It was about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon when I was driven inside. Half an hour after the wounding of their leader, they were ready to give it up as a bad job and return to their sloop. Their small boat lay directly in front of the door, and as they were about to enter, I saw a man and a woman and a child and a slightly wounded one of the men assisting the leader to get down to the beach. All of them at once hurried to the left to get out of range. It had struck me that if they took Wilson away they would be in a bad way. I determined to wait until they were gone. In a few minutes one of the gang came creeping around as near my loophole as he dared to demand my surrender. If I refused, they would burn me out.

There being no drift stuff within a mile of us I did not worry over his threat. As he retreated to the rear, I saw Wilson's head rise above the gunwale of the boat. Seeing the coast clear he rose up, leaped out of the boat and shoved her into the water. The tide was going out, and with the help of the oars he was soon about the lighthouse. I saw him go to the lantern room to watch his movements, and when I saw him handling a double-barrelled shot gun which he had brought from the cabin, I gave him a cheer, which put the rascals below on the alert and resulted in their being driven back to the boat. The situation now presented was a curious one. I was a prisoner inside the lighthouse, but the gang were prisoners outside as well. Wilson had captured both boat and sloop, and while he could render me no assistance he stood between me and the gang.

I expected to be fired on when I lighted the lantern, which was in an exposed position, and, sure enough, they opened on me with their revolvers and shamed me pretty close three or four times. I got down safely, however, and then had only to wait until the gang had retired to the boat. The fellows could not tell whether I had been hit or not, and about 9 o'clock I heard one of them at the loophole where I was watching and listening. I had a cocked revolver close at hand, and I saw which of the fellows had been hit. The four unfortunates would do during the night I could only guess at and be on the watch to checkmate. By 10 o'clock it was so dark I could not see the beach, and then two of the gang, as I supposed, went down to the shore and undressed and swam off to capture the sloop. It was a daring thing to do, for the craft was a quarter of a mile away, the tide running strong and the waters infested by sharks. Wilson not only found the sloop, but a full crew of men, and he rightly reasoned that as soon as night came the gang would attempt to retake the sloop. Being at the bows, and he took his gun there, and he saw when the gang came ashore. One of them was swept past him and out to sea, shouting for aid, while the other was shot as soon as he seized the forechains. I saw the flash and heard the shot. Wilson afterwards waved his hand to me as a signal that he was all right.

THE GUERRILLAS TRY CRAFT.

I, of course, could not tell how many of the gang had gone off to the sloop and how many were left to my against the door. The two wounded men must have suffered a great deal, but the leader was a determined fellow, and bound to get revenge if nothing more. He sent the two unfortunates back to the sloop, and he rightly reasoned that if he heard sounds which made me suspicious. Of a sudden both loopholes were closed up by limbs being thrust into them, and the fellows were heaped against the door. I had anticipated this move and planned what to do. I opened on them from the parapet with the revolver, wounding both. It was not until two hours later, however, that I knew I had hit either one of them. I had managed to clear one of the loopholes when one of the gang came near as he dared and shouted:

"Say 'yo' in thar! We want to surrender!"

"How many are there of you?"

"Four. And we are all wounded and suffering. The captain will be a man unless he kin git help party soon."

"Where are the other two?"

"They went off to the sloop and got shot. Say, mister, for heaven's sake don't go back on us! We cum to rob the place, as I won't suppose the fellows could fire the sloop. I opened on them from the parapet with the revolver, wounding both. It was not until two hours later, however, that I knew I had hit either one of them. I had managed to clear one of the loopholes when one of the gang came near as he dared and shouted:

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